

Tourists discover
Islepenning = Nelson
House porch =
asked me, but
Could you tell me the
way to the post office

About this time
the ^{Chippewa} ~~local~~ Chamber of
Commerce - ~~Association~~
composed ^{largely} of local
trading, hardware and
peddlars, discovered
that there was money
in tourists. Business
in Chippewa had

discovered that
their long fence
magically
disappeared after a
day or so in Chippewa.
Some of them ~~soon~~
started coming
regularly to Chippewa
with snow, in late
July and August.

Some even bought land
and built cottages on the
many lakes around Chipp

For some ~~regular~~
reason which I could
could never fathom,
he regularly resents
the presence of this

strangers; their presence
gave him an odd
feeling of inferiority, of
servility. He was glad that
Clappier never became the
regular tourist's host; that
it was too raw and
harsh; that its bars
lacked sufficient chromium
and neon.

The presence of the
cool, starched city,
daughters and wives of
these snuffing tourists
filled Paul with disgust.

THE HOUNDS OF
SPRING. ON WINTER'S TRACES

Above the town clock
rose a steep ragged
bank of flaming
white cloud out of
which ~~rose~~ a waning
moon ^{rode} ^a into ~~the~~ vast
open prairie ^N of
starlit sky. It was
three o'clock. Paul caught
at his throat, ~~It was~~ ^{so} ^N
suffocated by the cold
purity and distance
of such ^{unattainable} beauty ^{for} he
belonged to the moonstruck
people of the earth.

It was always so;

"Brens" the sled

Bob - sledding

skating

skiing = Mr. Wash, brother

Blondin & Carbone
& Oliver

Security = 50¢ going
to fair

It had rained, ~~and~~
then ~~and~~ the rain
had ceased; ~~and~~ ^{and} it had
grown cold, so that
Every branch and
twig of every tree and
bush ~~was~~ ~~with~~ ^{was} ~~with~~ became
~~magnificently~~ ^{at} icy, twisted
wood, glittering in the
sun. ~~As Paul~~ It was
an enchanted forest
scene, not of this world

§. "Playing" ⁴

house at
Kudham's
Pooa leaps out
window,

Went speaking
to them

Belle & her goats
spirits = "cottage chess"
In many respects she
possessed a witchcraft
mind.

Do

1. Check trees

(a) Cone

(b) Hardwood

2. Plays-

Ed Hicken

Thin misty moon over
constant school

School front
Snow, diamonds like
skin fire flies

The terrible storm -
white penis on
Flopper's bike

Do

- 1: Emergency chains
- 2: Inner sole = felt
- 3: Pay Cohodas
4. Bunnies - Leo

1. Serenade to
Serris at U.M.

2. Belle is
going to horseup
At the Eger

3: Oliver's blood
blisters = NASE
toasting =

Terrence has
a goom-boil
on his make-
water.

Dr. calls "chamber"

Theriac =
Perfectionist in
a disorderly
world

Will Durbrow
(Lamoree)

Detroit photographer

~~Above the town clock rose~~

A ~~ragged~~ ^{ragged} steep
bank of flaming
white clouds rose

~~above the town clock.~~

Out of it rode ~~the~~ a
waning moon, into
the vast ^{open} prairie of
starlit sky.

FIVE TUES

Sat. nite in Chilton.
Big old store. Ladder
in ^{empty} windows. gloomy
lights. Old blur.
outside.

9.75
4.30
5.50

an age of fake progress,
fake sophistication, of brownish gaiety
about's ease. A flight treadmill race
from ^{the simple} ~~simplicity~~, from "pretreat"
of ~~frustration~~, flightless
continuity of man. (ye, treadmill
rebut is
quoll)

FLIGHT & THRU was CONVIN
Spilt whiskey on dress.

And you?
I gave her one of my
most winning, lecherous
smiles.

"Isi within, Honey", I said.
I reached over to take her hand.

People with good minds,
sound bodies, splendid
equipment for life, for living—
the drunk bartends drink

Aug. 18, 1939.

"The Old Homestead"

Frank London & sister Minnie
using the old homestead - Frank is
married.

Minnie upstairs. Can see
"mother's" things - stove, broken
cup, etc.

Minnie about 6.00 pm.

Frank flabbergasted when Frank's
^{cozy} wife begins to SING. =

SAFE LANDING

Freight train goes by with
flat car full of boboos. On one
is a big road grader
(dinosaur) on which is seated,
steering, ^{quitting,} ^{pulling,} swinging, ^{politically,}
a'bo, ex-grader, unemployed.

NOTES FOR NOVEL

Sometimes ^{the sense acute} a feeling of loneliness
~~to~~ and yearning for you becomes
so poignant that ^{I tell myself you} surely ~~we~~ must
be sharing that feeling, at the same
one moment, ⁱⁿ the same ^{fleeting} instant
of time. Especially is this true
at night. Perhaps I am a fool.
~~Tell me it is so.~~ Perhaps both of
us are. I have looked ^{up} at the
moon, these last few nights,
and yearned and ^{and searched} arched for you
so desperately that I ^{have} had to laugh
so that I would not sob. ~~Dear~~
Lalona Tell me I am not alone.
Tell me, my darling, witch, so
that I may have the ~~very~~ bitter delight
~~pleasure~~ of knowing you are
suffering as I.

(Paul to Lucille)

Dec 24, 1943

Notes

Father: Oliver Bigler Fraleigh

Mother: Belle Kabins Bigler

6 sons: Emmett Oliver, Jr.

Norman ~~Mabelson~~ Gregory

Emmett

~~Joseph Frederick Nicholas~~ - Lincoln

Karl Donald Ronald Nicholas

Paul

Drums =

Confetti sticklers = N. Shure & Co.

^{fact}
^{fact circumstances}
 The destiny which mated the son of an immigrant German brewer with the daughter of a pre-Revolutionary New York Dutchman, ~~of~~ whose family ^{which} had settled on the Hudson before the American Revolution, is compact with the surging vitality and destiny of America. The ~~circumstances~~ ^{fact} ~~circumstances~~ ^{which} brought them together on the sprawling upper peninsula of Michigan, and gave them ~~six sons~~ ^{hell-for-leather} ~~sons~~, is at one with the gambling ^{hell-for-leather} quality, which is ^{probably} one of the most distinctive traits of those strange mixed people ^{known as} Americans.

"Take a chance, Buddy - Columbus did!"

~~Olivia and Annie~~ ^{Belle} took a chance.
 Step right up. Yes, sir. Ring the cane, the cane you ring, the cane you carry away.

Colton, old man -
 Listen, ~~and~~ - on the g.t. - better buy mowhawk, ~~morning~~ Copperminis....

Longshot won at Primilis....

^{side}
~~down~~ over that thar' bridge = flood or no flood....

"Why pretend a hunger of the
body is a necessity of the soul!"

p. 141 - Sparkenbroke

LODICROUS POSITION OF "LOVE"!

SPRING THRU WINTER

Reality ^{is} Each ^{is} ^{sure} their ^{his} own dream-wall.

Capacity of sharing ~~is~~ stimulating ↑ is
what we call personality.

Dec. 16,
1943

~~Paul lay in the back of the cutter~~

^{iron-mining of Chipewas}
The town lay in a broad valley between
~~irregular~~ irregular ranges of rocky bluffs, weathered and bald from
countless centuries of exposure to the northern
elements. ~~The east of the town~~ At the west end
of the town these ^{ranges} ~~ranges~~ ^{ran from west and the} ~~fanned east,~~ valley
fanned out into the ~~Finicish~~ ^{Finicish} farming area
a broad plain, dotted by the small farms
and pastures of ^{the} Finicish farmers. Through
the ~~center of this~~ ^{the} town valley and skirting
the north end of the town ran ~~the~~ highway,
U.S. 41, ^{like a} gently undulating ^{concrete} serpent. This highway
began somewhere in Florida and ^{it} ended at the very
^{in the village of Copper Harbor} ~~in the village of Copper Harbor~~ ^{on the upper peninsula of Michigan, at the}
~~shore of Lake Superior, just a few miles less than~~
a hundred miles northwest of ^{the town of} Chipewas.

Paul Bigler's grandparents had
come across this same peninsula many
years before by

Oct 18, 1943.

The Booming Earth.

Chap. 1 - Graduation from high school -
Class play - Miss Minger.

2: Setting & family

3: Ore boat & Detroit

4. NSTC

5. Law school

Ottawas & Chippewas

William C. Brewster, Ore in ¹⁸44 (See Mang.)
Douglas A. Daughton in 1841

Jan 26, 1837 - Michigan admitted to Union.

U. P. went to Wisconsin. Term in 1836, April 20. (See App 635, 36)

Copper, Iron ^{P.} (636)

* See also 582 (P.)

1956 W

Paul was born in Chippewa, ~~Iron~~ Michigan.

~~As he~~

~~Paul~~ As he attended the Chippewa grade schools, and gradually learned ~~the~~ where it was on earth that he lived, ^{Paul} spent many idle hours in ~~school~~ amusing himself with his new knowledge. Once he handed in a ^{strange} spelling paper. The pupils were supposed to put their names and addresses on their papers. Paul's ~~teacher~~ ^{teacher}, it was Miss Middleton - was startled when she came to his:

Paul Bigler
205 West Hematite Street,
Ninth Ward,
City of Chippewa, ~~Iron Cliffs County,~~
~~Sta~~
County of Iron Cliffs,
Upper Peninsula, of
State of Michigan,
Middle West,
United States of America,
North American Continent,
Western Hemisphere,
Planet Earth
Constitution Sun

She Miss Mildon smiled at Paul.

"You seem to know where you are, Paul."

"Yes, ma'am," Paul answered. He was quite sure
then that he knew where he was. ^{of course,} He was Paul
Bigler, he lived in Chippewa, in the Upper
Peninsula, and his father was one of the
strongest men in the world.

At that time Paul thought that his
^{the Peninsula,} home, had been wrested from some darkness,
dirty Indians ^{about three Americans} by ~~the~~ ^{men} with a drum and a
fife ^{and an old flint-lock,} with Betsy Ross running behind sewing
flags between skirmishes. ^{his description} It was neat, ^{it was} simple,
and left no remorse in its wake. It was some time
before he came to ~~piece~~ learn the true story, piece
by piece. It was not quite as simple as he had thought.

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE
(Dave Spencer, Ishpeming, May 17, 1946)

Steve O'Donnell was a gentleman, that everybody said;
He was liked by all the rich and all the poor,
And they all felt so sorry when they
Heard that Steve was dead,
They tied a knot of crepe upon his door.

They sent for the barber to cut the spindles from his throat,
They cut his hair alla la pompadour,
Red necktie and buttonhole bouquet was in his coat
And a bunch of shamrock in his hand he bore.

O meself and Annie Fieldie helped to lay the rascal out,
There were lots of flowers sent for friendship's sake.
'O Steve me boy, why did you die?' the weeping widow cried,..
And we all got drunk at Steve O'Donnell's wake!

O there were fighters, and biters, bums and dynamiters,
Ale, wine and whiskey, there were cake.
There were men of high position, there were Irish politician,..
And we all got floored at Steve O'Donnell's wake!

* * *

I lie, steal and swear. When I lie, I lies alongside of my pretty wife.
When I steal, I steal a way from bad company. When I swear, I swear off
drinkin'. But if I want a good drink I call at G. W. Ferguson's.

* * *

Here's to the crack you never can heal,
The more you rub it the better it feel.
You can rub it and scrub it and wash it like hell
But you can't get clear that awful codfish smell.

* * *

O Almighty Dollar, thy shining face
That speaks thy mighty power
In my pocket finds a resting place
For I need thee every hour. Amen.

* * *

When I'm dead and in my grave
No more whiskey shall I crave,
And on my tombstone let this be wrote,
Ten thousand gallons run down my throat.

* * *

Where did Adam spend most of his time in the Garden of Eden? In Eve's
pea-patch.

* * *

A man that gets on to a woman got a short time to stay,
His head is full of nonsense and his ass is full of play,
He gets on like a lion and gets off like a lamb,
He might have made a baby, but he don't give a damn.

NOV. 1937.

"The heritage of art is one thing to the public and quite another to the succeeding artists. The artist's inheritance from other artists can be little more than certain enthusiasms, which usually spoil his first work; and a definite knowledge of the modes of expression, which knowledge contributes to perfecting his more mature performance. This is a matter of technique." P. 33.

Ezra Pound, "Make It New."

Overcoat
Paper Tissue
Toilet Paper
Stenograph
Camera

The Galleon Press, Inc. # 17.

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Literary America

Kenneth Houstan, Pres.

Corn Ex. Bank & Trust Co. - 28th St. Brandy.



The Enormous Room
E E Cummings

Appointment in
Samaru Vley
John C Hare

Of Human Bondage
Summers & Maughan

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Johns Benders, Inc.
216 W. Jackson
Room 806
Buy to the World

The beginning town of

Chippewa was so far north that the ^{wild} geese could
fly to Hudson Bay ^{nearly} as quickly, ~~as~~ and twice as happily, as
they could fly to Detroit.

School was about to resume again
after the summer vacation.

The war ^{in Europe} was a month old.

One evening ^{after supper} Paul was walking the picket fence around the front yard. Belle was helping the maid girl with the dishes. Supper was over ~~and~~ ^{and} Freddy and Nick, were ~~then~~ ^{later} over at ~~the~~ the Blueberry mine ball diamond stock yard which at the end of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~street~~ ^{main} street, which the neighborhood boys had appropriated as a ball diamond, ~~stoutly~~ ^{casually} oblivious of frowning corporate no-trespassing signs. Oliver had left

Paul, ~~had~~ ^{having first} ~~carefully~~ made sure that Oliver had gone left for the saloon - "the place", Belle called it - ~~and had~~ was slowly walking around the high wooden picket fence which ~~surrounded~~ ^{enclosed} the front yard. Fences were ~~then~~ still prevalent in town against the

PICKET FENCE

Jan. 5

Belle Biegler always insisted that it hurt her more to punish her brood of sons than it did them. "I'm doing it for your own good," she would say, pursing her thin lips, squinting her gray eyes.

besides endless conversation, took place

Then there came the ^{senior} class play, ^{I was in it.} ~~towards~~ the spring of
the year of ~~my~~ ~~It was~~ ~~as~~ I forget the name of the
play or its author. It was by an Englishman, ^{was}
^{what little happened,} ~~Everything happened~~ in a drawing room
~~written~~ about Englishmen. Just the sort of thing
to capture the fancy of a tumultuous, ^{American} ~~mining~~ town
^{populater's} crowd, made up of nearly every nationality
group save Englishmen. As I say, much of the
charm and import of that play escapes my
recollection. ~~It seems~~ ^{as} I ^{however, that} recollect, I had a father
and a sister. Everybody said "Stay me with
flagons!" when things began to fall. It was only
years later that I realized this was an explanation
^{intended to convey the idea} that the others needed a shot of corn whiskey

THE LITTLE T'REE,
HE SHOULD BE T'RASHED

He was so busy living
that he had no time for
~~his~~ writing; he would
rather fish, get drinks,
lay siege to some new
woman, than write.

Then there would come
~~moments~~ ~~when~~ periods
when he felt to
write, had to write.

During those times
he wrote like a

fool, with everything
in him, ~~but~~ ^{just} as

he played, completely
abandoned

When health exists,
without too many
abstractions, time
moves along, sweeping
& whisking, so that
one is old without
warming, wooing
one's contemporaries
~~with~~ with
unabated intensity,
and then ----

Hoton 1079 x x

Mac

"The artistic sense is the true basis
of moral rectitude"
H.B.S.

Dan

The Horrible Example---

Outfit broke up, couldn't
find enough money to keep
the example horrible.

Poverty is the greatest
inducement to temperance
she ever known

You got to be foxy to work
underground 5 2 eyes, without
you get kilt.

JOHN D. VOELKER
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, MARQUETTE COUNTY
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN

1 desk
10 chairs
1 off "
1 ~~file~~ ~~frames~~
1 safe
1 stove. chair
1 desk. box.

Mar. 28 - 1942 -

As a boy, impressed by blasé
worldliness, and knowing boredom and
sophistication of carnival folk, with their
rings & spats & pins & gold-teeth &
tooth picks - - -

"Numbers guy" calls Bud H. a
shit - hell because Bud "called" him on
attempt to gyp me. Bud becomes C.P.A.

Lavender

Oliver Ford

"All dressed up like a 'show girl' to a christening!"

Rear reflector, a clamp spot-light, a travelling rack
for the running box, foot accelerator, speedometer,

Head silencer, ^{straps,} electric, rubber, ~~two~~ clock absorbers =

installed

The summer the War broke out was the summer
of the "convict" haircut in ~~Isleworth~~ Chippenham. As
soon as school let out that June every boy in town
~~swamped~~ ^{the} ~~shops of~~ ^{barbers} ~~in town~~ scampened to every amateur and professional
^{barbers} ~~in town~~ to have his ^{hair} ~~head~~ clipped down to the
skull. Only sissys and ^{hopeless} mollycoddles ~~did not~~
~~return~~ returned their hair.

There were several noisily disputing schools of
thought in town as to how the elegant ^{new} fashion had been
^{born} ~~born~~. The ~~best~~ boys in Swindon location

Jaeger's clock tower.
Gears =
Whirring of wheels & gears,
followed by the huge
cymbal smash of
splintered pagan music.

Barbed wire in bloomers
Georgiana - perfume & sweat

Woods: PLANTATIONS
OF GOD

rude, unmade

Sharp teeth

Draftle =
Married - Scripture

The saloons rocked with business and
Saturday nights were the biggest nights
of all in Chippewa. All of the stores were open
until ten o'clock to accommodate the hundreds
of miners and farmers who had come
downtown ~~for~~ to shop ^{or to} and take on a cargo
of whiskey.

Chinaman - 2 fingers =
Eat rats

~~Paul and~~

Fritz and Paul had become adepts at the gentle art of getting out ^{of the house} after supper. Fritz's parents were very "modern" and "advanced" and subscribed to the notion that ~~Fritz's~~ Fritz's parents had a set of the "Book of Knowledge" and ~~the~~ The usual ruse was that one was going to study at the other's house. Fritz's parents had a set of the "Book of Knowledge" and the two would stare ^{one of its volumes} ~~look at~~ long enough so that ^{the} Truth would have a ^{technical} leg to stand on. Then Fritz would tell his mother they ~~to~~ had to go over to Paul's, ^{usually to} consult ~~some non-existent~~ ~~book or~~ ^{the} Redpath's three-volume leather-bound history of the world. At this juncture all pretense at Truth would be abandoned and they would gallop down Main street and ~~peer in~~ peer in the windows of the smoky saloons, or race over to Pop Cronin's bowling alley and hang around on the ~~pretense~~ pretext that they were looking for jobs as peni boys. One night Pop took them up on it and ~~they were~~ ~~blat~~ their skins were black and blue for waks from the flying ^{tempis.}

Forest fire - Norm etc

X British, fermented smell of
the saloon

Small town woman: read New Yorker,
Story mag. & S.P.L. ==
I love it: I live for it: It's my Bible!!

Paul & Fritz play in warehouse:
Elevator gets out of control:

"I'm not the man I used to be -
what's more I never was!"

Matthi never 'leap out' side -
Matthi sleep for box car!

Chapter 10

Livings = ↓ =

1. Warehouse -

Failure =

Paint shop, monuments, apples,

garage....

2. Elmer Lessard =

Born a mechanic. Mechanical ability,
seemed to be fostered by the bonding clouds
of America. Building an airplane.

3: Carnivals & circuses =

Water elephants.

Boat the Wild man.

Shit ball....

4. Homecoming - ticklers, confetti, cones

JOHN D. VOELKER
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, MARQUETTE COUNTY
ISHPEMING, MICHIGAN

Arbutus

Ground pine

Yucca trees

Chop
ball-bearing coasters
wagon

Chop:
Leo: Elastic arm bands

Ponderous witness
Invincibly ignorant

Ground pine, arbutus

Bills

Tight air is bad

Walk under a ladder

Horse scratch, chow-chow, condiments
A scum = dry your blood

Coming Nation Hall.

Ecsa! Era! Wah owah!

Ecsa Heesah

Heesah Hehah Heh-hah !!

Wees-hah

Heeslah

Heeshah! Heeshah! Wah owah!

Chap 9

Warehouse = Elmer = Carriage = Fix ford = Mossuments =

Order blanks = Airplane

"^{Oliver} The old warehouse ^{store} ^{down by} the tracks, next to the Palace ^{was} one of those buildings in which no enterprise ~~was~~ ever succeeded."

Chap 10

Munis = good times = War = ^{Oliver} Decident = Ten blast =

Chap 11.

Homecoming = Carnival = Ticklers = Picket fence =

Roge & Emmett =

~~Chap 12~~
~~W...~~

Georgiana = Liris goes to Milwaukee =

The Karsii

Boy soprans.

War - book on

Kicking can - Gas - Water =

Jerry

"

Fiii team ≡ ^A5 - Horses race to Hall.

Debitty, debitty, debitty figs,
Delia dulia dauma nig,
Ouchy pouchy, Dauma'nouchy,
Ahm Calm Pas!
Alla balla boo - Out goes you!

straw rides =

dog races =

Sandman

Fourth of July





Mr. John D. Vacker
Waalworth Bldg.
Istpeming, Mich.

Nights=

Georgiana

Following couples _____

Martin Hallgren = Clomping ^{horse}

Coming Natcon Hall

That Spring Belle was called to Detroit
because of the illness of Grandma Fraleigh.
She wanted to take Paul with her but disliked
taking him out of school so near the end
of the ^{school} year.

~~That summer~~

During the summer of 1916 Paul definitely
entered the world of commerce

Lev's marriage
1915 = Leonard - ^{Warkum} Weilerford = Furnace x electric lights = Commencement =
Wild man
Passing of old carriage =
1916 = Home coming = ^{Confetti} Dickler = Airplane - Home
1917 = Robert enters = Game astros = Uncle Sammy.

1922 Graduation = class play = Miss Anger = Lakes = Ore boat

Some of security - 50¢ - surging surge

Terrence has a goom boil on his make-water.
 Dr. D. called it a "shanker".

Obvius = a disgruntled perfectionist in a
 disturbed world.

Terrible storm = Floppers - white penis

Danny McQuiggan = rides

Carrage

Miss Fisher's Monument.

Racing matches in the Grass

Danny Sullivan "Horn."

Warehouse =

Autos

Man
Muir = Old Doggett.

Silent, snuff-chewing citizens.

and - stoms were there - "deg ver all dare"

All the sons - Olson, Swanson, Johnson, Peterson, Anderson, Nordson, ^{Carlson,} ^{Hellestrom,} Backstrom. "deg ver all dare"

faithful employees, working in the mines, full of humble gratitude to be all free of charge. free breathing in the fine air of freedom & silicosis. excellent, silent, snuff-chewing citizens.

Maple syrup = Sap = = Fiver thoms
away = look mama.

Olson = Hair Bald. Parted side hair over bald spot.

A feeling of helplessness, rather than defeat; a feeling that life was rolling over me, that time flew by ~~silently~~ ~~by~~ like a with silent, rushing wings; that all ~~of~~ of us, all people, all of the time, were ~~not~~ aimlessly rehearsing a plotless play on a crowded and yet empty stage.

May 5

There ~~was~~ were ^{not} enough ^{young} men
in Hamatite; there never were enough
men for the girls. Those men who
were thought "cute" and "desirable"
by the girls, were hog-tied and
led to the altar ~~by~~ before long or
they went to the city, Flint, Detroit,
Chicago.

————— beauty "salon"
and

The cloak-and-suit,
society of any small town, composed
of girls who tried to imitate the
tried boredom of their Hollywood
sisters; who could not be "made"
by the few available town men,
but who were ^{darkly} ^{reunited} ~~reported~~ to go on
"wild parties" with travelling men up
at the Inn, whom the girls met,
quite casually, you know, at the hotel bar.

Mud Lake drums - Dennis Kirby

Nelora Ltd & Lumber Co

Fritz - bicycle & Palm Beach suits.

Mother Goose Mops. Lee Shonwood
& K. Smith

Manhattan Woolen Mills = Fox farm

"Lost Alone all Time in a Swamp"

Big Rosie - drums in graduation suit -
gas car - within the time - first date

Junk to Granata - finding berries
lumber camp (1911 Leslie Mag); government
farm

Planet Earth,
Universe World

Belle firing hired girls = Therman =
The inquisition. Paul cries out = "Let her
go, mom."

New bicycle

Your Uncle Sammy = ^{"If you don't like your Uncle Sam"} Don't

Love = Loretta Burabe = Rommy in Doghouse

Selling vegetables = Little cart

→ The hushed night murmurs from
 shrouded shadowy, vine-shrouded porches;
 the slow, rhythmic creak of an unclean swing;
 a ^{muffled} cough, a ^{suppressed} laugh, a low voice; the fire-fly wink
 of a glowing cigar - all these things filled Paul
 at once with a vague ^{feeling} sense of peace and ^{and at the same time} mystery
 along with a sense of ^{and brooding} vague longing.

Porch

~~The~~ In the early evening the swallows
 darting high and cleanly in the sky; then the
^{trusting} croaking and soaring spring and croak of
 the night hawks; later the ^{mesmerizing, well-orchestrated} silent flutter of the
 bats. Belle was always afraid of bats and
 instilled this fear in her children. A thousand
 times Paul had heard the hideous plight of one
 of Belle's childhood acquaintances in Detroit.

"And this bat got in her hair and they
 couldn't get it out. Mind you, they had to
 cut her ^{beautiful} hair. If they ^{could} get in your hair..."
 Paul would shudder and choke and find an
 excuse to go in to the bath.

The wintry ^{chirp and frosty} squeal of railroad cars
 on frozen tracks; the brakeman ^{creaking} walking, creeping
 along a ^{the cat-walk} box car, ^{emerging} from a steaming
 cloud of vapor, hunched and arm-bowed
 from the searing cold.

the caution ^{whisper} of

Oliver & Dan = Speech

He had ^{the} pungent, glowing vocabulary,
 a glowing ^{flourish} of phrase which, Paul
 sensed, education would only have diluted
 or destroyed. ~~It~~

The poor, poor
 child. She had
 been sitting
 on the porch
 one night during
 her beautiful
 autumn curls.
 They were always
 so beautiful,
 long autumn
 curls.

The people had ^{a feeling of comradeship from} the steady fight all of them had combating the rigors of their harsh and rugged climate. Their love for their country ~~was~~ contained more than a dash of hate.

Paul often felt that the reason Olwin kept his saloon, and did not spend all of his time in the woods, was that it gave him a stage, an opportunity to act. Tall, big-boned, resolutely calm, he would stand ~~at~~ behind his own bar, up at the front near the wind dice mat on the cigar stand, ^{leaning slightly forward,} his big hands placed flat on the bar in front of him. Travelling men came from miles around to hear him talk, in his colorful, profane way, stories of hunting, fishing; stories, stories, stories.....

SANTA CLAUS

Every Xmas municipal tree & drunken Santa.

- + Bill Cushman falls off horse at Homecoming parade & breaks leg
- * Martin Hallgren gone home drunk, his back board dragged by a blind horse. Big, hairy-fetlocked, drug-coated. Singing Swedish songs.
- * 12 English dancers =
- * Mc Multy's opera house =
12 English dancers
Gilbert & Sullivan

- Bunny crashes L. Club dining room

- Mine accident

2 Farris & Marnay, stung by Bee & — pants.
Young brabanner — run over — O my God —
O my god = Taken away in laundry rig.

— Bell Hop - Nelson house

→ Tric, cooling frames =

→ Wild man = Pull resin over rawhide =
Listen, Bud, tell the ticket-taker I gotta
go the 'car. O my God

Sibolant
whisker =
holding the
bells

Curiosity =

Feb. 12, 1942.

Between Wars.

Chapter 1.

Toodles

~~Lover~~ and I were among the last of the profiteers of World War I - we made a killing selling the Daily Mining Gazette to our fellow townspeople of Hematite.

On that ~~late~~^{first} November morning we were up at dawn and got our bundles of papers. "Extra! Extra! War is over!" Lover took one side of the street and I the other. Lover had a cleft palate. "Wah owah! Wah owah!" he shouted, as the sleepy people tumbled out of the homes and clutched and grabbed at the papers.

~~Some just stood and stared~~

Some people wept, some shouted for joy, some did both. One ~~old~~^{smarted} Frenchman on Lover's side ^{of the street} dropped on his knees and ^{kept} crossing himself. An ~~old~~^{angry old} Finnish woman on my side had forgot her teeth and she kept biting her gums, in rapid, wet, elastic bites, her faded blue eyes filled with tears. Some people just stood and stared, ~~automatically~~ paying us like ^{in a daze}

As we made our way through the town there was the noise, the greatest din I ~~had~~ had ever heard.

Jan. 8, 1944.

So regions were the
members of this group
was ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~at all~~ that

Paul belonged to the
~~The~~ high school's ~~has~~ Literary Club, to which it was
 a mark of exclusiveness not to belong. ^{members of} This ~~club~~
 had organization read ^{to which he referred} excerpts from approved authors
 and poets - long since dead - on odd Thurs days
 in the ^{school's} assembly hall, proctored by the the watchful
 little Mr. Davis, the superintendent, and Miss Cantrell and Miss Anger,
 Chambers, the English teachers. Great care had to be
 taken that nothing but Great Literature reached
 their ^{So great was this care that} gypsyish ears. Whitman was saved from oblivion
 by "O Captain, My Captain!" ^{very faintly}
 and would sit ~~with~~ usually ~~with~~ with
 his eyes ~~gracefully~~ fixed on the reciter. He had
 early developed ~~a~~ a faculty of appearing enrapt
 while his imagination ^{was free to} soared ^{and fly} away. ^{It was a neat trick.} Though
 his ~~blowing~~ was ~~obvious~~, ~~then~~ he had also learned
 a ~~trick~~ ~~that~~ ~~was~~ The program came through to him
 as a remote ^{and} not unpleasant ^{buzz}. He did not know there
 was any more; he was not ^{permitted to know}
 Paul He did not rebel against these ^{a living} ~~cravens~~
 on ^{a living} literature, these fortnightly parades of all the
 old chestnuts, this studied ^{avoidance} ~~ignorance~~ of all that
 was vital and pulsing, moving and alive in
 writing, both old and new. ~~He~~ All he knew
 was ~~is~~ that ~~he~~ never wanted to read anything ^{by}

These were the ~~five-foot~~ ^{five-foot shelf} custodians of culture, "the best of all that has been ^{thought and} written in the past." A. P. Davis, "Appy" Davis, with his ~~master's~~ ^{doctor's} degree from ~~Columbia~~ Columbia, to which he returned ^{each} every summer, like a ^{worship} pilgrim to Lourdes, ~~to~~ to pursue his master's degree. "In working on my masters at Columbia, he would ^{earnestly} ^{modestly} say, ^{casting} down his eyes, ~~all modesty~~ ^{little} He was a fine, ~~modest~~ ^{little} man who ~~was~~ ~~nothing about~~ ~~never~~ ~~suspected~~ that ~~any~~ ~~writer~~ ~~never~~ ~~suspected~~, ^{even} not once, that the fundamental ^{requirement} ^{of} ~~any~~ ~~piece~~ ~~of~~ ~~writing~~ ~~that~~ ~~aspired~~ ~~to~~ ~~literature~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~capital~~ ~~L~~, ~~was~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~should~~ ~~be~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~it~~ ~~the~~ ~~wild~~ ~~grat-cry~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~, ~~no~~ ~~more~~, ^{perhaps} ^{but} ^{not} ^{less}, ~~no~~ ~~more~~, ~~no~~ ~~less~~.

Paul ~~at~~ looked forward to ~~these~~ the meetings of the Lit. Club. It meant cutting two classes, one in math ^{math} and one in chemistry, ^{writing} both of which he ^{express} casually loathed. And it meant seeing his favorite teacher, "Appy" Davis. Paul The man fascinated Paul. Not for his literary learning, not for his degrees. ~~For~~ ~~what~~, ~~these~~ ^{Paul} Because he was the only bald man Paul had ever seen, ^{up to then,} who had hair on

an author, man or woman, who wore a beard.
~~Hair~~ "Hair face; hair shirt" became the ^{first} formula.
~~That he was not alone in this~~

his head and yet didn't wear a wig. ~~But~~
It worked this way: "Appy" was ^{totally} bald on top but had
hair on the side. It was that type of baldness.
^{So} ~~that~~ "Appy" ~~would~~ let his hair grow ^{very long} on one side and
then would comb it ^{up} ~~back~~ over the top of his head
to meet the hair on the other side. It was a neat
trick. He probably learned it at Columbia.

By closing my eyes tightly, as I lay there in my cot, I could bring on the swimming dots, a flood of shooting stars and streaming ~~red~~ pin-points of red, which swam before me in the dark bedroom like a ^{shifting} river of fire, like a galaxy of crazy comets, flowing on and flowing ever. It was a little trick I had known from childhood, and I lazily wondered if it ever happened to other people, to ~~Bessie~~ my mother ^{Bessie}, to my five brothers, to that champion snorer of all Hematite, my father — to Fenna, the young Finnish hired girl, who slept in the little bedroom off the kitchen.

"I wonder what time it is? I wonder what Fenna would say if I went quietly downstairs and crept into her bed? I wonder if she would...."

3/28/43.

Apprie shows note
Tom Sawyer's Grandson. (Paul Bugler)

American homes had come to be changing rooms,
mere addresses to get mail, a place to shower and
snatch sleep and get laundry, where meals were
12 to 24 hrs. a day and ^{the} children ^{each} ~~ordered~~ ~~at~~
as though they were at a short-order restaurant.

(Wallenstein)

Picknick, potato bugs at Kampmann's -

Irene Castle (Eileen Moot) The rebellion of the peasant.

The crew on this ship was all the men ~~who~~ she ever knew.

She was ^{radiantly} beautiful, as a cluster of rare gems
is beautiful, this girl Noel. - Men to her were all
men, ^{her husband included} - merely furnished the source of life, some
more piquant than others, but she manipulated
them all, running through their lives as ^{impulsively, as} she might
run Miami sand through her ^{restless} fingers. She was

long-ance bored with her conquests, the weight of her laurels
irked her, ^{but} and ^{if} some hardy male waded
her; ^(finish) Noel was the figurehead on the fastest clipper
ever built. She was always ahead but the ^{and it could not} ship ~~was~~
~~disappointed~~ - indeed, could not - ^{independently} ~~disparaged~~ of ^{her} ~~her~~.

3-19-43.

... Like Our Youth, Joe Scott

Suggested opening

and not maturation

She had a slight acne or rash on her face, which gave her expression a kind of perpetual blush.

Miss Unger was Paul's ^{teacher in} English ~~teacher~~ in High School. She was younger than most of the women teachers, which still left her something ^{more} than a girl in ^{her} dress. She was tall and slender, but ^{a kind of} deep-bosomed, very ^{of beauty, oils} and dark and her eyes were black and ^{very} oily looking, with a sort of birdlike, lidless quality about them. Paul often used to imagine himself in bed with her. Especially after his last ^{class play} rehearsal for the

About Miss Unger: There was the class play in Paul's senior year.

It was the ^{last} night before the play. Paul was supposed to ^{embrace and} kiss Leona Wilkins, his sister's sweetheart. It was the high point of the play. With all of the warmth and abandon

while he was growing into a long-legged, thin, blue-eyed youth,

Chap. 2.

^{Schmidt} Paul was to learn, years later, how

fortunate ^{or how blind} he had been during these war years that his ~~lack of understanding~~ ^{his boyish imagination} did not enable him to

did not grasp the spattered horror of that great conflict. To him ~~the~~ ^{growing} during those ~~boyish~~ years, the war was a ^{glorious} crusade, ~~where~~ ^{in which} spotless knights in shining helmets, currently called Americans, ^{triumphant} marched forth to rid the earth of ^{the} hordes of fiendish, rapacious sub-folk of another land, called Huns.

somehow or other

Paul's war was a business of saving patriotic wood valves from Bessie's kitchen range, which the government used for some mysterious purpose, ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~chewing~~ War was an intense rivalry with his playmates to collect ~~these~~ heavy balls of lead foil, a pursuit in which he usually excelled, having the advantage of exclusive scavenger privileges at his father's saloon, ^{where he was} aided and abetted by his father's two bartenders, Charlie Le Roy and George Douglas.

War was fighting, fighting ^{in the back yard,} at the end of Lake Street ^{next to the big (Hemlock) wood yard,} over Wray's big brother's war while another's big brother merely gave talks at the Saturday afternoon ^{showing of the} adventures of Pearl White. ^{competitions} War was ^{the} enemy...

"Frankie Miller 'Smitty is a Hun - Smitty is a Hun - Put 'em on the run, Polly is a Hun!"

this Danny Sullivan, who had two brothers in the war as against Paul's mere one, whose grandparents were ^{Irish} descendants of St. Patrick, whereas Paul's grandparents ^{had} hailed from that land of the ^{grumblers and} eaters of pig-knuckles, the brackers of little children and deflowerers of one's sisters - Germany!

2.

2. High school:

(a) Football & Declamations.

(b) Helena Lord & Sons Co

(c) Old Goodmans

3. Frank the Horse.

Uncle Sammy - "Aunt bit the landlady's
feeding you!"

4. Detroit -

(a) Fletcher Henderson - Pier & Palais -

Halloween

5. N. S. N.

5 1/2. Stabbing - Luke Mongiat & Summer Hood - Lyrics -
Doc Carson.

6. Law School.

7. Mother - Orville Fremuth -
Writing - Scenarios - Dying child:

Jerry Harrington & the bushy.

Trip to Baraboo - wedding golden rod & rag + mud.

2/18/43.

over the way irony that at

Paul had often been dismayed at the
ludicrous & indignity of the act of love ^{at}
~~a time~~ ^{an instant} when ~~the~~ ^{and women (ought he?)} man are the tenderest they
~~can~~ ^{can} at this tender, period of death in life, ^{perhaps} ~~ever~~ ^{ever} be, here was this ^{ingamely} ~~regarding~~ thing to
be done this ^{ingamely} ~~touching~~ and clutching, ~~this~~

~~Nature most natural of human acts~~

That great she-bitch, Nature, seemed to
be gleeful and cackling that there should be
something ^{wherewith} ~~wherewith~~ comic in the most
fundamental and natural of human acts.

600.⁰⁰
▷

1/27/42.

There is another feeling I have got, very definitely, I am sure, as

That is, ~~the~~ an awareness of the essential toughness, ~~resilience~~ a sort of primordial ^{the} resilience of people in the face of adversity, of their ability to absorb the terrific shocks of life and fate - and keep ^{whirling} ~~struggling~~ ~~bludge~~ forward.

~~Two Americans have had much that is easy and soft in our lives.~~

3rd
draft

With the abruptness of nightfall in the tropics the little auto left the plains and entered the green gloom of the woods, into the dark stereopticon stillness of the pine trees and rocks and damp moss and car-swayed ferns, with the rocks in the road, and the wet roots of the pine trees reaching witch-fingered across the ruts. The laboring auto bounced into and out of a hole, over a root, and the beer bottles clinked crazily, violently, ~~in their case~~ ^{sounding} like a Swedish bell-ringer ~~gone mad~~ ^{suddenly Benet}, -- then another hole, and the springs hit the bottom, then the rebound, and half the load shifted ahead unto their backs.

Erling pushed the assortment of creels, wading boots and landing nets back with the beer as Paul hung on to the steering wheel. They bumped past a little log hut near the road, with the door standing open, the windows out, ^{then} the frames as gouged and porcupine chewed as an old hitching rail.

"All we need is the seven dwarfs," Erling said.

"I'll take Snow White -- with seltzer." Paul answered, and then they hit another hole and Erling lifted a landing net off of Paul's head.

There was a long lurching, a climb into the hills, and after that they entered a green clearing, into the sunlight again, an evening sunlight in the west, to the left, as they came to a stop amid the ruins of an old lumber camp, the cook's rusty triangle still on the door frame. Paul got out and ~~went~~ ^{found a rock} and hit the triangle ~~with a rock~~, and its bonging sounded like all the counterfeit money in the world. All that answered was a fat porcupine on the roof, who waddled clumsily over the eave and then fell off unto an old grass-grown manure pile and slowly climbed a young poplar tree.

"See, look, there it is, between the trees," Erling said.

Far down below them, showing through the new leaves, was the big beaver pond, the dark water mostly calm, partly riffled in patches, with the trunks of the dead old pine windfalls reaching out into the water, like disordered piers built by drunken men. At the far end was the dam, a big dam, old and overgrown, a tangle of rocks and roots and dead trees and dirt and grass.

They put on their waders and then sat on the damp running board, looking at the pond, and had a bottle of beer apiece, the beer gushing out of the jostled bottles so that they drank ^{mostly} ~~only~~ foam instead. They filled their creels with beer, and Erling found a trail down through the woods, through some maples and some young white birches just coming into leaf. The trail was still covered with pine needles although the big pines were gone and their stumps were mostly rotted and some had returned entirely to the earth.

"I wonder, Swan," Paul said to Erling, using a name he had given him, "If the cook will ever return for his dead dinner bell."

Erling said nothing.

On the side of the pond they got into the pines again, nearly all jack pines, and some Norways, the jacks in tender new green bud, ^{looking} like Christmas candles. They worked along on a narrow gravelled hillside trail, over old pine windfalls, scuffed and worn by many animals and seasons, and by some men. They kept on the ridge near the pond, but away from the jumbled windfalls down on the shore. The old beaver lodge lay there in ruins, the beaver cuttings were ^{weathered,} ~~old,~~ the beaver were gone. The pond was nearly half a mile long, and now there were no ripples anywhere, as they made their way along the arc of the big dam itself, coming to the little clear, cold, gravel-bottomed outlet, where they stopped and put their beer, ~~to rest.~~

In the middle of the dam were two log rafts, anchored to a deadhead with hay wire, with pine roots for seats, and long jack-pine poles for a motor. On Erling's raft were two empty gin bottles and the picture supplement of a week-old Sunday newspaper. *Erling tilted a bottle and read the label.*

"The Indians must have abandoned these -- when civilization came," Erling suggested.

Erling sat on one raft and Paul on the other, while they set up their fly rods, the reels, threaded their line, tied the leaders and debated the flies in fine stage whispers.

There was a plop and a splash, thirty feet away, like someone had thrown in a wading boot, and Erling turned to Paul, his eyes bulging and goitrous.

"Loving and gentle Jesus, Polly -- did you see that!"

"No, Swan, but I heard -- I was looking at my -- -- --"

"The god damdest biggest trout outside of a tourist book. I -- -- it came out -- Polly listen, let's have a bottle of beer!"

Paul got two bottles of beer, which had been cooled and calmed by the creek. Erling lit a cigar against the mosquitoes. A light southwest breeze had risen and made fine inshore ripples. A cloud bank had come up to meet the sun and then the sun was gone, like it had been yanked by a hook, leaving only a glow. They sat on the rafts, slowly drinking the beer, their tied leaders lying soaking in the water, without flies.

There was a crackle in the brush, half way up the pond, the way they had come, and a splashing. Three deer stood in the water, one drinking, two looking, then two drinking. As they sat looking at these three deer, a doe and a fawn came down on the other side, the fawn playful like a lamb, ^{cavorting,} waving its thin ^{white} flag, the doe looking on while the fawn drank. Erling pointed up at the head of the pond, in the dusky shadows of the hill, and there were more deer, hard to see and pick out, except when they moved or ^{recoiled} waved their flags. Then there was another splash in the middle of the pond, a big fish, which they both saw, and ^{then} there were no deer, only a few snorting blows from the bucks as they slid crackling away into the dusk.

"The ads said 'Eight hours from Chicago's look,' Swan," Paul said.

First they tried it from the dam, casting towards the middle, then towards the shore at the sides, into the weeds, near to the reeds, into the windfalls. They used dry flies, wet flies, nymphs, buck tails, spinner flies, and then small plugs. There were no strikes. Once a big trout rose between Paul's lure and himself. Then they sat on the rafts again and smoked a cigarette. It was growing darker, the wind had died, the frogs and owls

had started, the songbirds had stopped, and the full moon was rising above the jumbled dead and living trees down below the outlet. Erling got some more beer, and they sat drinking. Paul flicked his cigarette into the water, almost at their feet, and a big trout nailed it before the glow had left the butt. Erling spat out a mouthful of beer.

Behind them they heard a crackling and snapping in the woods, near to them, and they looked at each other, and then they heard a man singing, softly singing a strange song with foreign words.

A man came out unto the beaver dam, humming to himself, carrying a long thick one-piece bamboo pole. He was a short man, and thin, and pretty old, with grey and yellow in his untrimmed moustache, and his blue denim overalls were washed and faded to the color of his eyes. He was chewing tobacco, and had got a little on his face.

"Hello, misters," he said. "You be having any luck?"

"No," Erling said, "Are there any fish in here?"

Just then another trout plopped out in the pond.

The old man considered this. "No, pretty bad place for fishes. Pretty bad place for fishes when city mans can ride to place in auto. Maybe few little ones left. City mans get the rest."

"Is that why you keep that little flag pole hidden here?" Paul asked, smiling.

The little man smiled. "I no hide my pole. I live over next ridge from cedar swamp." He pointed down stream. "That's where my house. And I been watching you for long time -- but I no fish then, too early for fish. Now is time for fishing."

"Have a bottle of beer?" Erling asked.

"Thank you, misters, please, I like drink of beer. Pretty hard place for buy beer, this place." He winked at Erling. When Erling gave him the beer he deftly took the cud of tobacco from his mouth and put it in the pocket of his overall jacket. He looked at Erling and Paul as he raised the bottle. "Thank you, city mans," he said.

"How do you know we're city men?"

He lowered the bottle. "By your smart looks and the kind clothes and boots like diving men and nets and thin poles like buggy whips -- and how you try to fool the fishes with those little dead flies. Toivo Maki catch lots of fish with bamboo pole and worms. My name is Toivo Maki. I am a Finnish man -- that is why I do not talk very good in the English language."

Erling did the talking. "We're from Chicago. We're on a vacation and we like to fish. A man from the hotel told us how to get here, so we rented an old auto. Are there any fish here?"

"How far away is this Chicago place?"

"Eight hours from the loop."

"What is 'loop'?"

"You have never heard of the Chicago loop?"

"No."

"The Board of Trade Building?"

"No, misters."

"Mae West?"

He took a gurgling drink of beer. His blue eyes lighted as he drew the female form divine in the air, with both hands. He winked at the ~~fish~~ fishermen. "'Come over near my house and see me sometimes.'"

He finished the beer and handed the bottle to Erling and deftly replaced his chew of tobacco. "Time to fish, now," he said. He took a coarse green fish line from his pocket, tied it on the pole, tied on a large hook, and impaled three writhing dew worms, spit on them, and threw the line a few yards out from the dam, where the whole business landed like a pork chop.

The moon had risen clear, and
There was another moon showing in the water.

"Don't you want to use ^{one of the} ~~a~~ rafts, Toivo?" Paul asked.

"No, thank you, please. You city mans use raft -- I only build them. Sometimes I use raft if I need a fish bad to eat."

Erling and Paul looked at each other, and then got on the rafts and pushed out into the darkness.

P. 1 Chap. 1 -

Last par: "past" school

P. 7 - 2nd last P.

"thought" we were
being shot at

Chap 6

P. 6 - Middle "3" in Playthings

Those who can not remember the past are
condemned to repeat it.

— George Santayana.

from in the conversion

Little Panama

My father was one of those men who, having predicted sunshine for the morrow would walk unprotected through a deluge, proud that ^{he was right} ~~that~~ ^{and} ~~that~~ mother Nature had ^{but} ~~not~~ ^{erred} once again.

The House

Story of German boy during the war.

"Isometria wonders if maturity doesn't occur on one nature & blunt his sensitivity. . . . I remember no pain, etc. . . ."

"Berlin" & "Russia"

July 19, '38.

Molo the Mild Man.

I make "growls" on roadside at carnival. Molo gets drunk & starts hiccoughing.

Gemmis'

Jim Billing (Oakley)

Misc

Headhams = No speak... (Pranai town)

Paulans'

Beagle - bab - slide - broken arm

Salvation Army = "Diddlerum" Carol

"Gave the bloody booger out for sayin'
'ourin!' "Silver Jack" from ~~the~~ National
mine

Tricklers, whips & confetti =

Circus & carnivals:

Organ shop = Bands

Oliver's songs =

✓ Ivar = Belgegan = Heron - Danny Sullivan
Black eye = "Gagner"

Homecoming

Warehouse

Gills Candy Store = Popcorn = Drumming =

~~By the tonic school~~

Paul B

<u>Age</u>	<u>grade</u>	<u>yr</u>
6	1	'9
7	2	'10
8	3	'11
9	4	'12
10	5	'13
11	6	1914-15
12	7	1915-16
13	8	'16-17
14	9	'17-18
15	10	'18-19
16	11	'19-20
17-18, etc	12	'20-21

Paul had come in the ^{alley} back door. He stood down by the ^{He drank slowly,} one of the bartenders had given him ^{out of the bottle,} a bottle of cream soda, savoring ^{the cool taste,} its cool sweetness, ^{sensation} enjoying the tingling in his nose as he ^{rejuvenated.}

All the while he listened intently to the music box. To Paul ^{its tinkling} were the music of the spheres. ^{The laboring machine} It was playing ^{its tinkling bells}

"The Emperor Waltz" ^{was so} - one of his favorites. ~~He~~ Paul ~~removed~~ swayed his head ^{slightly,} closing his eyes, ^{He drank} in the delicious, stale, boozy smell of the place, a combination of ^{beer,} mustard, ^{cold} ham, pickled herring, whiskey, tobacco smoke, ^{over-} loaded spittrons, and ^{sweating} men. It was heavenly, ^{At night} recalled only by the smell of Tilford's Drug Store...